Rev. Dr. Talmage Contrasts It with Fair Dealing.

Condemns Business Processes by Which Values Are Misrepresented-Many Merchants Models of Integrity.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1892.] Washington, July 23.

Integrity and trickery in business life form the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day, and the contrast he establishes between the two is a striking naught, it is naught, said the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he till the blood spurted, shrieking out: "God save him!"

Palaces are not such prisons as the world imagines. If you think that the only times kings and queens come forth from the royal gates is in procession and gorgeously attended you are mistaken. Incognito, by day or by night, and clothed in citizen's apparel or the dress of a working woman, they come sut and see the world as it is. In no other way could King Solomon, the author of my text, have known everything that was going on. From my text I am sure he must in disguise some day have walked into a store of ready-made clothing in Jerusalem and stood near the counter and heard a conversation between a buyer and a seller. The merchant put a price on a coat, and the customer began to dicker and said: "Absurd! That coat is not worth what you ask for it. Why, just look at the coarseness of the fabric! See that spot on the collar! Besides that, it does not Twenty dollars for that? Why, it is not worth more than ten dollars. They have a better article than that and for lower price down at Clothem, Fitem & Bros. Besides that, I don't want it at any price. Good morning." "Hold," says the merchant; "do not go off in that way. I want to sell you that coat. I have some payments to make and I want the money. Come, now, how much will you give for that coat?" "Well," says the customer, "I will split the difference. You asked \$20 and I said \$10. Now, I will give you \$15." "Well," said the merchant, "it is a great sacrifice, but take it at that price."

his arm started to go out and enter. his own place of business, and Solomon in disguise followed him. He heard the customer as he unrolled the coat "Boys, I have made a great bargain. How much do you guess I gave for that coat?" "Well," says one, wishing to compliment his enterprise, "you gave \$30 for it." Another says: "I should think you got it cheap if you gave \$24." "No," says the buyer, in triumph; "I got it for \$15. I beat him down and pointed out the imperfections until I really made him believe it was not worth hardly anything. It takes me to make a bargain. Ha, ha!" O man, you got the goods for less than they were worth by positive falsehood, and no wonder, when Solomon went back to his palace and had put off his disguise, that he sat down at his writing desk and made for all ages a crayon sketch of you. "It is naught, it is naught, suith the buyer, but when he in gone his way, then he boasteth."

Then the customer with a roll under

There are no higher styles of men in all the world than those now at the head of mercantile enterprises in the great cities of this continent. Their casual promise is as good as a bond with piles of collaterals. Their good reputation for integrity is as well established as that of Petrarch residing that when there was great disturbance in the family the cardinal called all his people together and put them under outh to tell the truth, except Petrarch. When he came up to swear the cardinal put away his book and said: "As for you, Petrarch, your word is suffi-Never since the world stood have there been so many merchants whose transactions can stand the test gain makers are all the more to be honored because they have withstood year after year temptations which have flung so many flat and flung them so hard they can never, never recover themselves. While all positions in life have powerful besetments to evil, there are specific forms of allurement which you who promptly meet all your busiare peculiar to each occupation and of the peculiar temptations of business

First, as in the scene of the text, business men are often tempted to sacrifice plain truth, the seller by exaggerating the value of the goods and the buyer by depreciating them. We cannot but admire an expert salesman. See how he first induces the customer into a mood favorable to the proper consideration of the value of the goods. He shows himself to be an honest and frank salesman. How carefully the lights are arranged till they fall just right upon the fabrie! Beginning with goods of medium quality, he gradually advances toward those of more thorough make and of more attractive pattern. How he watches the moods and whims of his customer! With what perfect calmness he takes the order and bows the purchaser from his presence, who goes away having made up his mind that he has bought the goods at a price which will allow him to make a living margin when he again sells them! The goods were worth what the salesman said they were and were sold at a price which will not make it necessary for the house to fail every ten years in or-

der to fix up things. But with what burning indignation we think of the iniquitous stratagems by which goods are sometimes disposed of! A giance at the morning papers shows the arrival at one of our hotels of a young merchant from one of the inland cities. He is a comparative stranger in the great city, and of course must shown around, and it will be the duty escort him. He is a large purchaser and has plenty of time and money, and it pay to be very attentive. The evenor course, drink.

liahments that are about to fail, and for got well and strong, and he threw open such kindness and magnanimity of cau-

tion against the dishonesty of other come in. One wrong admitted into the business houses, of course it is expected soul may guin in strength until after they will—and so they do—take a drink. Other merchants lodging in adjoining attack of sin, and the ruin is complete. rooms find it hard to sleep for the elatof these "hail fellows well met" waxes They stagger forth with checks flushed and eyes bloodshot. The outer gates of hell open to let in the victims. The and the steps of the carousers sound Could mother, sister, father, slumbering in the inland home, in some vision one. The text is Proverbs 20:14: "It is ruin wrough! they would rend out their hair by the roots and bite the tongue

> What, suppose you, will come upon such business establishments? and there are hundreds of them in the for himself, receive a condemnation. cities. They may boast of fabulous sales, and they may have an unprece dented run of buyers, and the name of a house may be a terror to all rivals, and up branch houses in other cities, and all the partners of the firm may move sweep the street with the most elegant apparel that human heart ever wove or earthly magnificence ever achieved.

But a curse is gathering surely for

of the pillars and in one wild ruin bring down the temple of commercial glory it will break up their peace, and they will tremble with sickness and bloat with dissipations, and, pushed to the precipice of this life, they will try to hold back and cry for help, but no help will come, and they will clutch their gold to take it along with them, but it will be snatched from their grasp and a voice will sound through their soul: 'Not a farthing, thou beggarded spirit!" And the judgment will come, and they will stand aghast before it, and all the business iniquities of a lifetime will gather around them, saying: "Do you remember that?" And clerks that they compelled to dishonesty and runners and draymen and bookkeepers who saw behind the scenes will bear testimony to their nefarious deeds, and some virtuous soul that once stood aghast at the splendor and power of these business men will say: "Alas this is all that is left of that great firm that occupied a block with their merchandise and overshadowed the city with their influence and made righteousness and truth and purity fall under the galling fire of avarice and

acuteness and tact in the sale of goods, we must condemn any process by which a fabric or product is represented as rip, silks that speedily lose their luster, calicoes that immediately wash out, stoves that crack under the first hot it! fire, books insecurely bound, carpets in the family of Colonna. It is related upon some country merchant who has some of the oaks that stand sentinel

While we admire and approve of all

by the law of right when your next door are peculiar to each occupation and ness engagements, paying when you profession, and it will be useful to speak promise to pay, will find it hard to compete with that merchant who is hopelessly in debt to the importer for the goods and to the landlord whose store he occupies and to the clerks who serve him. There are a hundred practices prevalent in the world of traffic which ought never to become the rule for honest men. Their wrong does not make your right. Sin never becomes virtue by being multiplied and admitted at brokers' board or merchants' exchange. Because others smuggle a few things in passenger trunks, because others take usury when men are in tight places, because others deal in fancy stocks, because others palm off worthless indorsements, because others do nothing but blow bubbles, do not, therefore, be overcome of temptation. Hollow pretentions and fictitious credit and commercial gambling may awhile prosper, but the day of reckoning cometh, and in addition to the horror and condemnation of outraged communities the curse of God will come blow after blow. God's law forever and forever is the only standard of right and wrong and not commercial ethics.

Young business man, avoid the first business dishonor, and you will avoid all the rest. The captain of a vessel was walking near the mouth of a river when the tide was low, and there was a long, stout anchor chain, into one of the great links of which his foct slipped, and it began to swell, and he could not withdraw it. The tide began to rise. The chain could not be loosened nor filed off in time, and a surgeon was called to amputate the limb, but of some of our enterprising houses to before the work could be cone the tide rolled over the victim, and his life was gone. I have to tell you young man, that just one wrong into which you ing is spent at a place of doubtful slip may be a link of a long chain of cirsement. Then they go back to the cumstances from which you cannot be hotel. Having just come to town, they extricated by any ingenuity of your own or any help from others, and the A friend from the same mercantile es- tides will roll over you as they have tablishment drops in, and usage and over many. When Pompey, the warrosity suggest that they must rior, wanted to take possession of a Business prospects are talked city and they would not open the gates. over, and the stranger is warned against he persuaded them to admit a sick solvertain dilapidated mercantile estab-

Again, business men are sometimes ter of decanters, and the coarse carousal | tempted to throw off personal responsibilities, shifting it to the institution louder. But they sit not all night at the to which they belong. Directors in wine cup. They must see the sights. banks and railroad and insurance companies sometimes shirk responsibility underneath the action of the corpora-The tion, and how often, when some bankwings of lost souls flit among the lights. | ing house or financial institution explodes through fraud, respectable men with the rumbking thunders of the lost. in the board of directors say: "Why, I Farewell to all the sanctities of home! thought all was going on in an honest thought all was going on in an honest way, and I am utterly confounded with this demeanor!" The banks and the of that night catch a glimpse of the fire and life and marine insurance companies and the railroad companies will not stand up for judgment in the last day, but those who in them acted righteously will receive, each for himself, a reward, and those who acted the part of neglect or trickery will, each

Unlawful dividends are not clean before God because there are those associated with you who grab just as big a pile as you do. He who countenances from this thrifty root there may spring the dishonesty of the firm or of the corporation or association takes upon himself all the moral liabilities. If the into their mansions and drive their full financial institution steals, he steals. blooded span, and the families may If they go into wild speculations, he himself is a gambler. If they needlessly embarass a creditor, he himself is guilty of cruelty. If they swindle the uninitiated, he himself is a defrauder. those men, and if it does not seize hold No financial institution ever had a money vault strong enough, or credit stanch enough, or dividends large enough, or policy acute enough to hide the individual sins of its members. The old adage that corporations have no souls is misleading. Every corporation has as many souls as it has members.

Again, many business men have been empted to postpone their enjoyments and duties to a future season of entire leisure. What a sedative the Christian religion would be to all our business men if instead of postponing its uses to old age or death they would take it into the store or factory or worldly engagements now! It is folly to go amid the uncertainties of business life with no God to help. A merchant in a New England village was standing by a horse, and the horse lifted its foot to stamp it in a pool of water, and the merchant, to escape the splash, stepped into the door of an insurance agent, and the agent said: "I suppose you have come to renew your fire insurance." "Oh!" said the merchant. "I had forgotten that," The insurance was renewed, and the next day the house that had been insured burned. Was it all accidental that the merchant, to escape a splash from a horse's foot, stepped into the insurance office? No, it was providential. And possessing a value which it really does not have. Nothing but sheer falsehood can represent as perfection boots that tial! What peace and equilibrium in such a consideration, and what a grand thing if all business men could realize

Many, although now comparatively that unravel, old furniture rejuvenated straightened in worldly circumstances, with putty and glue and sold as having have a goodly establishment in the fubeen recently manufactured, gold ture planned out. They have an imwatches made of brass, barrels of fruit, agination built, about 20 years ahead, the biggest apples on top, wine adultorated with strychnine, hosiery poorly access from the great town, for they woven, cloths of domestic manufacture | will often have business or old accounts shining with foreign labels, imported to settle or investments to look after. goods represented as rare and hard to The house is large enough to accommo get, because foreign exchange is so date all their friends. The halls are high, rolled out on the counter with wide and hung with pictures of huntmatchless display. Imported, indeed, ing scenes and a branch of antlers and but from the factory in the next street, are comfortable with chairs that can A pattern already unfashionable and be rolled out on the veranda when the unsalable palmed off as a new print weather is inviting or set out under come to town to make his first purchase about the house, rustling in the cool of dry goods and going home with a breeze and songful with the robins. large stock of goods warranted to keep. There is just land enough to keep them Again, business men are often temptinterested, and its crops of almost fabed to make the habits and customs of ulous richness springing up under apother traders their law of rectitude. plication of the best theories to be There are commercial usages which found in the agricultural journals. The will not stand the test of the last day. farm is well stocked with cattle and Yet men in business are apt to do as horses and sheep that know the voice their neighbors do. If the majority of and have a kindly bleat when one goes of the Ten Commandments. Such bar- the traders in any locality are lax in forth to lock at them. In this blissful principle, the commercial code of that abode their children will be instructed community will be spurious and dis- in art and science and religion. This honest. It is a hard thing to stand close shall be the old homestead to which the boys at college will direct their letters, neighbor, by his looseness of dealing, is and the hill on which the house stands enabled to sell goods at a cheaper rate will be called Oakwood or Ivy hill or and decoy your customers. Of course | Pleasant Retreat or Eagle Eyrie. May the future have for every business man here all that and more besides! But are you postponing your happiness to that time? Are you adjourning your joys? Suppose that you achieve all you expect-and that the vision I mention is not up to the reality, because the fountains will be brighter, the house grander and the scenery more pictursque-the mistake is none the less fa-

Yet some of those sharpest at a bargain are cheated out of their immortal blessedness by stratagems more paipable than any "drop game" of the street. They make investments in things everlastingly below par. They put their valuables in a safe not fireproof. They give full credit to influences that will not be able to pay one cent on the dollar. They plunge into a labyrinth from which no bankrupt law or "two-thirds enactment" will ever extricate them. They take into their partnership the world, the flesh and the devil, and the enemy of all righteousness will boast through sternal ages that the man who in all his business life could not be outwitted at last tumbled into spiritual defalcation and was swindled out of

Perhaps some of you saw the fire in New York in 1835. Aged men tell us that it beggared all description. Some stood on the housetops of Brooklyn and looked at the red ruin that swept down the streets and threatened to obliterate the metropolis. But the commercial world will yet be startled by a one. Bills of exchange, policies of insurance, mortgages and bonds and government securities will be consumed in one lick of the flame. The bourse and the United States mint will turn to ashes. Gold will run molten into the dust of the street. Exchanges and me." granite blocks of merchandise will fall with a crush that will make the earth tremble. The flashing up of the great light will show the righteous the way to their thrones. Their best treasures in Heaven, they will go up and take pos-session of them. The tolls of business life, which racked their brains and rusped their nerves for so many years, will have forever ceased. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the no kid to tell me what war is until he's call it square,—Chicago Tribune.



#### THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

'Tis a far, far cry from the minute men And times of the buff and bine. To the days of the withering Jorgensen, The hands that hold it true. 'Tis a far, far cry from Lexington To the isles of the China sea. But ever the same the man and the gun— Ever the same are we.

For the blood of the sires at Bunker Hill, Through countless fierce campaigns, Is as red and cager in perlistill In the depths of the children's velns, And the heart and the eye support the hand No matter what odds there be Ever the same thy sons, O land, Ever the same are we.

Not a Valley Forge, nor a Wilderness, Not a valley Forge, nor a winderness, Nor hall of a Cuban steep, Jan take one jot of our fearlessness, Who daily thy honor keep. We cary the flag through varying scenes From the sign of the old pine tree To the Stars and Stripes in the Philippines Ever the same are we.

And the lad with the fresh, unshades

mouth
Fights as his fathers fought.
And the man from the north and the man
from the south
Do as their fathers wrought. And whether from city or farm we come We answer the call with glee-We heroes upspring at the best of the

Ever the same are we. Edwin L. Sabin, in Munsey's Magazine.

### IN A REAL WAR.

A Veteran of '61 Steams Up on the Subject of Celebrating Historic Battles.

It was at the breakfast table that Mr. Scott Lindsay, a veteran of the real war, read something about the anniversary of the battle of San Juan and began to breathe heavily through his

"Great grief, mother!" he exclaimed looking across the table at his wife. "Here's somethin' that'd make old Gen. Sherman turn over in his grave. They're goin' to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of San Jewan. Thunderation! The battle of San Jewan! Bat tle! Gosh, all fishhooks! Battle! Say if the old boys that 'uz with the Army of the Tennessee ever started in to celebrate the anniversary of every durned little popgun skirmish like that battle o' San Jewan we wouldn't do nothin but celebrate, day in and day out, from one year's end to another. We'd have to get up in the night and annyverser ate. Battle! Battle nothin'! around Vicksburg there we used to rol out in the mornin' an' fight three or four o' them battles just to whet our appetites. We didn't cail 'em battles, though. We knew the difference between a battle and a strawberry festival. I went out rabbit shootin' several during the blockade of the southern times last winter, you may rickollect. Well, I didn't never come back and say I'd been in any battle, did 1?"

"Oh, well, father, you must make some allowances," said Mrs. Lindsay.



THEY MADE THE OLD SOLDIER MAD

"These boys don't remember the other "I guess they don't-I just good an

guess they don't. If they did they wouldn't be spoutin' so much about bein' heroes an' all that. There's a blamed sight o' difference between chasin' some runt of a dugo with white feather in each hand and chasin a six-foot Johnny Reb that jest raises up on his everlastin' hind legs an' come at you like a runaway horse, breathin' smoke out of his rose an' ears, 'v Gorv. an' yellin' like an Injun. It's easy enough to chase anything that runs the other way, but this hero job's got its drawbacks when the other feller gets it into his head that he wants to do the chasin' an' swoops out o' the woods like an Ioway cyclone, by gosh, pumpin' lead into you till you git too heavy to run. Battle! When we had 'em stacked up till we couldn't see over 'em an' every regiment 'uz whittled down to a company an' our flags blown into earpet rags an' the blood got so deep it wet the ammanition in the wagons we used to begin to suspect that Somethin' a little we'd had a battle. less argymentative than that we called a skirmish. Anything the size o' this San Jewan basket-meetin' we didn't keep no tally of at all. That kind o' come under the head o' target practice.' "I wouldn't be too hard on 'em, father. They say these boys fought rea

well down there in Cuby." "Well, to see 'em struttin' around town here in their cowboy hats and gassin' in front of every store you'd think, by cracky, that every one of them had chawed up a thousand of them Spanish generals, whiskers an all. You take some old codger that grawled through them swamps for four years, dodgin' minie balls and nothin' to keep him alive but hardtack an' hot slough water, an' he ain't in it no more greater conflagration, even, the last with one o' these cussed little whipperanappers, by ginger, that-well, ought to heard old Cap Nesbit the other night after post meetin'. He made a few remarks about these kid soldiers that wouldn't pass muster in a crowd o' women, but they wuz satisfyin' to

"I don't see why Cap Nesbit wants to pick onto these boys. I think they deserve a lot o' credit for enlistin' an' goin' down there in that hot country

to fight." "Eolistin's all right an' fightin's all right, if you do it. I don't begrudge no man the credit of goin' out an' fightin' for his country. These boys done well

een through one. These young fellers rot a sniff o' blood, and now they think they've been through the slaughter-house. There's old Dan Bailey that got shot so often he didn't mind it at all oward the last, laid in Andersonville till he was a rack o' bones, came home here lookin' like a corpse, and ain't seen well day since, and he sin't as big a nan in this town to-day as that grandson o' his that went down there to Porty Rico last winter an' laid in a hammoel for six months smokin' eigarettes. He's what they call a hero now-had an icecream reception for him when he come home, didn't they? I don't reckullect that anybody had an ice-cream reception for old Dan when he come home Heroes wasn't quite so gosh-danged scarce about that time. Nobody paid any attention to 'em. They used to ship 'em in here by the carload, an' most o' em went right on through town an' out to the graveyard. Wuzn't it you, mother, that wuz readin' the other day about some regiment that wouldn't git on a train becuz they wuzn't no sleepers? Great Jehoshophat! I'd like to seen somebody ask old Col. Griggs for a sleepin'car. I'd like to heard what he'd say. Sleepin' cars! We wuz tickled to death to git box cars, cattle cars
-anything on wheels. We didn't need no porter to brush our cloze, for the darned good reason that we didn't have no cloze to brush. Then there's all this talk about embammed beef. We'd 'a been mighty glad to git it-embammed petrified, moldy or any other way. We thought we wuz lucky if we could git a little hunk o' salt pork to drop in with the beans now an' then. We wuzn't out on no moonlight excursion, by gosh, playin' tag with a lot o' tambourine players. We wuz out in the underbrush lad ding my buttons, havin' it out with the toughest lot o' human panthers that ever wore uniforms. An' yit, like an not, if we go to breakin' in on this San Jewan celebration, we'll git a back seat in the gallery. We ain't heroes, I guess, Wy, on Decoration day these marched in front, everyone o' 'em puffed up like a toad in a thunderstorm -bigger man than old Grant, as the feller says. Now, they're goin' to celebrate the annyversary of San Jewan There wuz another likely skirmish about the same date. Gettysburg,

#### body don't celebrate that, Hah!"-George Ade, in Chicago Record. DAHLGREN'S COURAGE.

think they call it. Wonder why some

illustrative and Interesting Incadents Related by a Veteran of His Staff.

After the launching of the Dahlgret. 1 Bath on Monday afternoon, May 29, 251 Mr. and Mrs. John V. Dahlgren, of New ork, gave a reception and banquet at the Hotel Phoenix to the members of the Kennebee Naval Veterans' association, the Bath iron works officials, and others. Judge Charles Cowley, of Lowell, Mass., who had served as judge advocate on Admiral Dahlgren's staff ports, paid a glowing tribute to the semory of the admiral.

"The incident of Perry shifting his flag from one ship to another in the battle of Lake Erie has often been quoted as a cool piece of daring, and so it was, said Mr. Cowley. "But it was a thing that Admiral Dahlgren did repeatedly and thought nothing of. The man for whom we have named this warship was one of the most intrepid men who ever ived. I was with him when the Harest Moon was blown up. She was a Maine-built vessel, designed for duty in shoal water. When she struck the torpedo an immense hole was blown brough her bottom, and she sank in about two minutes after the contact. Never shall I forget the perfect coolness of the admiral upon that occasion. was standing aft on deck and immediately after the explosion I heard Lieut, G. H. Rexford excitedly exclaim: Admiral, we have struck a torpedo.' 'I think it very likely, Mr. Rexford, said the admiral, coolly. We got out of the situation with our lives, but that we did was due to the perfect discipline that the admiral enforced and to his marvelous ability to keep his head under the most trying experiences.

The speaker referred to the fact that Admiral Dahlgren was not only a sallor, out a man of science as well. "Some of his inventions," said Mr. Cowley, "have been superseded by the modern disap pearing guns, but many of his creations n the department of naval science still emain of practical utility. During the civil war many heavy guns burst, kill-ing and maiming hundreds, but I think here has never been recorded the bursting of a Dahlgren gun. The Monitor that fought the Merrimac was armed with Dahlgren guns, and had the executive officer of the ship earlier in the fight made up his mind to double charge his guns, the southern boat would never have withdrawn. She would have been sunk then and there. Lemar, the chronicler of the south, was generous enough to say that it was the Dahlgren gun that put down the re-bellion."-Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Gen. Logan and the Sutler.

"Gen. Logan," said an old officer, "had a queer experience with sutlers. While he was in command of a division he was ery strict as to the conduct of sutlers and others catering to the wants of soldiers. Among the sutlers was John McFall, one of the best men in the business, but who had a weakness for smuggling whisky into the hands of the boys. Logan discovered this and McFall retired from the regiment in disgrace. He returned some months later with the announcement that he was a reformed man. He had been at home among the good mothers and wives of the men who were doing the fighting. and he had adopted their views as to he use of intoxicants. He believed that whisky was the very worst thing pos-sible for a man."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Moses at Bull Run.

"Now, Johnny, what can you tell me bout Moses?" usked the Sunday school teacher of a little fellow in the juvenile class. "All I know," replied the youngster, who had got his knowledge of anelent and modern history slightly mixed, "is that he was found in a rush basket at the battle of Bull Run."-Troy Times.

About Even.

Customer-Say, do you know you rave me a bad quarter of an hour with that imitation mineral water I drank here yesterday:

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